





Bismarck, D. T., Apr. 21, 1875.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

On Saturday last, April 17th, on order of the U. S. District Court, the Northern Pacific Railroad passed into the hands of the bondholders, and Gen. George W. Cass was appointed Receiver. The opening of the road to Bismarck was completed on the evening previous, and General Manager C. W. Mead received the telegram at this place on Saturday, announcing the change. By direction of the Receiver, Gen. Cass, and under instructions contained in the telegram, Gen. Mead immediately proceeded to take possession of the road and all the property belonging thereto, and promulgated the following order:

St. Paul, April 17, 1875.

All Agents, Officers and Employees, and whom it may concern:

I have this day taken possession of the Northern Pacific Railroad and all the property, rights and franchises of the Company connected therewith in Minnesota and Dakota, for and in the name of Geo. W. Cass, Receiver appointed by the United States Court.

The management and business of the Road will be conducted as heretofore until further orders. C. W. MEAD, General Manager, for GEO. W. CASS, Receiver.

By this arrangement the New York office is abolished as well as many other useless resources of unnecessary expenditures, and it is believed it places the management on a much better basis, by leaving it principally in the hands of two as good railroad men as can be found in the United States. General Manager Mead has long since demonstrated his superior qualifications as the operating head of one of the most extensive railroad lines in the country, and now, that he will be less trampled by machinery, we believe there will be still further improvements in the management, that will be most satisfactory to all interested. The friends of the road regard the change as most favorable, and the shortest cut to the further prosecution of work towards its completion. Gen. Rosser, the Chief Engineer, has gone to Montana for the purpose of ascertaining what material encouragement can be procured there to this end, it being well understood that the Montanians are not only ready but anxious to do all in their power to secure an early extension of the road.

The Northern Pacific secures an unusually large amount of the Government, Indian, and Montana freights this season, and on the whole, the outlook for it is made more promising than could have been hoped six weeks since.

A few days ago, young Gurley, whose father lives on Croghan street, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the "Ghost."

The troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night.

Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out as a professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood, he replied:

"Through I am penniless, thou canst not degrade me."

"You trot after that wood, or I'll have your father throut you," she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hand upon me shall die!" exclaimed the boy, but he got the wood.

He went out on the stoop when a man came along, and asked him where Lafayette street was.

"I doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley in a hoarse voice, and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say you? Where is Lafayette street?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

"The man drove him into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery after potatoes.

"I go, most noble duchess," he said as he took up the basket, "my good sword shall one day avenge these insults."

He knew that the grocer favored theatricals, and when he got there he said:

"Art thou provided with a store of that vegetable known as the tuber, most excellent duker?"

"What is duker, do you want?" growled the grocer, as he cleaned the cheese knife on a piece of paper.

"The plebeian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and "Hamlet" had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned.

"Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he solemnly answered.

When his father came home at noon, Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what occurred.

"I see what all this," mused the father, "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much."

At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the "noble count," and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy, he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over, the father went out to his favorite shade tree, cut a sprout, and the boy was asked to step out into the woodshed and see if the penstock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble lord, I had supposed thee far away!"

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here!"

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms, and moving bodies, then the old man took a rest and enquired:

"There, your highness, dost want any more?"

"Oh! no, dad—not a darned bit!" yelled the young "kingmaker," and while the father started for the door, he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cancel her engagement until the fall season.—Detroit Free Press.

THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. BLANCHET.

CHAPTER XX.—THE BATTLES OF BEDLAM.

The triumph of the allied forces of Deidam and Torkilson over the vanquished Captain O'Flaherty was of short duration. Lieut. Pretzelkreut had reported with his prisoner at Washington, and the Adjutant General of the Army, who had given the order for his removal to the Insane Asylum was astounded by being confronted by an exceedingly indignant but perfectly sane gentleman, instead of the maudlin lunatic he had expected.

Capt. O'Flaherty was immediately released from confinement and ordered to return to his post of duty. He was likewise instructed to immediately prepare and prefer charges against Surgeon Deidam. When this news reached Ft. Oryza there was consternation in the camp. Nor was it lessened by the arrival of the victorious O'Flaherty himself, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against his enemies. Surgeon Deidam was placed under arrest, and straightway drank himself into a semi-idiotic state. O'Flaherty pushed his advantage. In the new light of his experience he had the perspicuity to perceive that the late hostilities against him had originated in the fertile brain of Mrs. Torkilson, aided by the scheming designs of the Quartermaster, Surgeon Deidam having been but an uncommonly awkward cat's paw in raking together the chestnuts of her revenge, and of the Quartermaster's ambition. He was now thoroughly alive to his danger, and at once assumed the offensive. Soon he saw a glorious opportunity by which he could strike his two enemies at one blow, without in the least exposing himself to danger. During his absence in Washington Mrs. Torkilson, aided and abetted by Mrs. Deidam, had laid a skillful plan by which to catch Mrs. Redribbons tripping, so as to secure the expulsion of that lady from the post on the return of Gen. Ristenbatt. A shockhead, overgrown Norwegian girl, named Ellen, was at that time living with Mrs. Redribbons, and by the promise of a new shawl the girl was induced to agree to inform Mrs. Torkilson of the next time the Quartermaster made his accustomed visit to her mistress.

A few days later Ellen appeared at Mrs. Torkilson's window, with her red face redder than ever, and with excited gesticulations gave Mrs. Torkilson to understand that the Quartermaster had come.

Mrs. Torkilson lost not a moment, but started away after Mrs. Deidam, and soon the two ladies, duly bonneted and cloaked, were rapping at Mrs. Redribbons' front door, as if about to make a friendly call. No answer. They rapped again, loud enough to awake the seven sleepers, until Mrs. Redribbons' curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she gently opened the door to the extent of about an inch to see who the pertinacious visitors might be. She screamed with dismay as she recognized her two deadly foes, and Mrs. Torkilson instantly threw her weight against the door and burst it open. The Quartermaster rushed out, nearly overturning Mrs. Deidam in his haste, and made his escape, and the ladies departed in high glee at the success of their little plot. Before the expiration of twenty-four hours there was not a man, woman or child at the post who had not listened to some one of the various editions of this adventure.

This, then, was the pivot on which the O'Flaherty meant to hang his revenge. On the return of Lieut. Redribbons to the Fort he induced a laundress to quietly and confidentially inform that gentleman of the rumors in circulation respecting his wife. That astonished officer immediately instituted an investigation, and had no difficulty in tracing the reports direct to Mrs. Torkilson and Mrs. Deidam. He consulted with the Quartermaster, and the two arranged a plan of procedure.

The next day Mrs. Torkilson received a note the following effect:

Mrs. TORKILSON.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting my wife and Lieut. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

Madam—I have been credibly informed that you are the author of the slanders now in circulation respecting myself and Mrs. Redribbons. Be kind enough to inform me if this information is correct, and if so, please state in writing your reasons for these statements.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson's eyes sparkled, and she snapped her fingers defiantly in the air. Here was the coveted opportunity to spring the truth upon the injured husband, and crush her enemies—Mrs. Redribbons and the Quartermaster—together, and with a diabolical smile upon her wicked face she sat down to write out the details of her reasons.

She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Deidam, with her face stained with the fresh traces of tears. This was nothing unusual, Mrs. Deidam being in the habit of weeping daily over her husband's abuse; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Torkilson kindly asked her what was the matter. Mrs. Deidam burst into tears and handed her the following note:

Mrs. DEIDAM.

enough to inform me by bearer whether this information is correct or not.

Your Obedt. Servant, JEREMIAH REDRIBBONS, Lieut. U. S. A.

Mrs. Torkilson arched her eyebrows, smiled, and patronizingly inquired, "Is that all?"

"All," retorted Mrs. Deidam, wearily, "isn't it enough?"

"It is a perfect Godsend," said Mrs. Torkilson, with a self-satisfied air. "Now we can push our plans to completion, and the General will order Mrs. Redribbons to be shipped away on the first steamboat. Trust me to manage him. All you have to do is simply to answer this note of Swearancus, and say that you are ready to substantiate the reports, and refer him to me for proof of the truth. I'll write the same to Lieut. Redribbons, and refer him to you for corroboration of the story. Then he'll apply for a divorce, and so, good-bye, Mrs. Redribbons. There, sit down and answer this note at once."

"Yes, but I have answered it already."

"You have!" screamed Mrs. Torkilson, furiously, dropping her spectacles, "what did you say?"

"Why, I denied it, of course. You don't suppose I'd criminate myself by admitting that I had started the reports, do you?" said Mrs. Deidam, reproachfully.

The rage of Mrs. Torkilson, on learning of this sudden thwarting of her plans, was something terrible to see. She abused Mrs. Deidam without stint. She raved; she shouted; she cried; she declared she had 'nt a friend in the world. But growing calmer, at length she sat down and reviewed the situation. It was apparent at a glance that if Mrs. Deidam had denied the soft impeachment, she must do so likewise. It would be suicidal for her to attempt to sustain the charge alone, with Mrs. Deidam's written denial to be brought up as evidence against her; so with many wry faces and groanings of spirit she took up her pen and wrote a polite note in reply to Lieut. Redribbons' note, disclaiming all knowledge of the transactions in question, and the two discomfited conspirators separated, thinking that was the end of the matter.

But it was only the prelude to the drama. Within an hour after the receipt of Mrs. Torkilson's note by Lieut. Redribbons, a whole troop of laundresses, servants and soldiers, under command of Lieut. Redribbons were marched up to the quarters of Lieut. Wilberforce, Judge Advocate of the Regiment, and their solemn, separate and conclusive affidavits taken, that Mrs. Torkilson and Mrs. Deidam had told to each and all of them individually, and in company with each other, the particulars of their visit to Mrs. Redribbons' quarters, the language in each case having an almost exact similitude to the others. An old scandal in regard to Mrs. Deidam and the Major of the 71st was likewise unearthed, and while the two officers were engaged in trafficking in soldiers' affidavits, the sworn testimony of several of them was taken relative to the resurrected story.

In the midst of the hubbub General Ristenbatt arrived, and the wilderness of unsavory documents were laid before him for his official inspection. The feelings of the proud old soldier, who loved his Regiment next only to his own good name, may well be conceived at this evidence of its utter demoralization. He is said to have shed tears at first, but at length rising to the height of the emergency, he endorsed the papers tersely and forwarded them to Surgeon Deidam and Capt. Torkilson for their explanation. The two officers consulted, and decided to stand by their wives in the affair, and notwithstanding the fact that they themselves had often heard them relate the story, they both gave an official denial in toto to the charge, thus casting the word of two officers and their wives into the scale against the sworn evidence of dozens of common mortals.

The whole garrison waited in breathless suspense for the General's official action, but the lovers of the sensational were not gratified. He summoned Surgeon Deidam and Capt. Torkilson to his presence and lectured them severely on the course pursued by their wives; then he sent for Lieut. Redribbons. He avowed his intention to preserve the good name of the Regiment at whatever cost of private suffering, and required the whole three officers to stand up and pledge their word of honor as officers and gentlemen to be in future responsible for their wives' good behavior; and to compel them to keep the peace toward each other; after which humiliating ceremony the trio of honorable representatives of the U. S. Army slunk off home, leaving their mortified Commanding Officer master of the field.

Lieut. Redribbons' cup of bitterness was not yet full. Shortly afterward Major Krawfish of the Regiment arrived at the post, and learning of the liberties that had been taken with his name in his absence, summarily obliged Lieut. Redribbons to sign a retraction of his belief in the affair.

Capt. O'Flaherty had all this time been a delighted spectator of the antics of the puppets whose wires he had set in motion, and certainly no one was more disappointed than himself at the prosaic termination of the affair. But his own troubles drew on apace. Surgeon Deidam was arraigned for trial on

charges, and just before the court convened the Captain was seized with an attack of his old time illness. Dr. Savage attended him, and in a sudden

preparation was accordingly brought to bear upon that quiet young official to induce him to reveal the nature of his patient's ailment, all to no purpose, however, and the Doctor's wife, who knew nothing at all about it save what she had heard in the ordinary routine of tea-table gossip, was next interviewed on the subject.

Since her midnight visit to Mrs. Redribbons she had not made any calls, and during the late wars and rumors of wars she had not ventured beyond her own doorstep, fearful of being ambushed by one or the other of the belligerents. She was therefore much surprised to receive a call from Mrs. Torkilson in her most honied mood. She was instantly on her guard, but listened quietly while her distinguished visitor led the conversation with infinite tact to the subject of Capt. O'Flaherty's illness, and ended by asking point blank what was the matter with him. Mrs. Savage couldn't tell her, because she didn't know, and wouldn't have told her if she had known, and the artful lady remarked insinuatingly that some people thought he had delirium tremens, but for her part she believed it was another fit of insanity. What did Mrs. Savage think about it, and had she heard Dr. Savage express his opinion about it profusely.

No, Dr. Savage never expressed his professional opinions outside of the sick room, and would be exceedingly indignant if his wife should presume to make an inquiry in matters relating solely to his patients. Then Mrs. Torkilson dropped her insinuating tone and waxed confidential. She informed Mrs. Savage that it would be greatly for her interest and for Dr. Savage's interest if the latter, in his capacity of attending Surgeon, could be induced to give a certificate of insanity in the case of Captain O'Flaherty. Money was no object, and he would be suitably rewarded. The weak point in Surgeon Deidam's defense was that he had never treated Captain O'Flaherty professionally, not having even so much as prescribed for him at any time. Dr. Savage had; and now while he was in daily attendance upon him, it would be very easy for him to certify that his disease was insanity, and thus by substantiating Surgeon Deidam's report, corroborate his statement, and relieve that gentleman entirely from the odium under which he was then resting. She further stated that while it would be greatly beneficial to Dr. Savage's pecuniary interest to comply to this suggestion, it might prove decidedly inconvenient for him to refuse, Dr. Deidam being the Senior Surgeon, and having in his power to make matters unpleasant for him.

Mrs. Savage heard this with a sinking heart. Scarcely had Mrs. Torkilson gone than Mrs. Deidam came in, looking so sad and heartbroken that Mrs. Savage sincerely pitied her. Mrs. Deidam was a warm-hearted impulsive woman, exceedingly kind to the sick and skillful in nursing them. Her face possessed the remnants of great beauty, but her life had been unhappy. Her eyes were continually red with weeping; her health was shattered, and her temper irritable. Notwithstanding these drawbacks she was still an attractive and lovable, though somewhat weak and vain woman. Between the two Doctor's families there had always existed a cordial friendship, that had been preserved unbroken through all the jars and crashes that had off times shook the social structure from its center to its circumference.

Mrs. Deidam at heart was a genuine good woman. Although she herself was addicted to daffy and hourly quarreling with her ill-natured husband, and abused him roundly in conversation with her friends, yet with an amusing inconsistency the slightest disrespectful word breathed against him by another was sure to be hotly resented, and she would rally to his defense with true wifely devotion.

It was very hard then to refuse her, when she came with her anguished, tear-stained face, and begged for Mrs. Savage's assistance in her crisis. She spoke of her husband's troubles with Capt. O'Flaherty; how he was soon to be court-martialed, and would certainly be dismissed from the service unless something was done speedily to save him; and then with her voice choked with sobs she related how Dr. Savage had it in his power to exonerate him fully, now that Capt. O'Flaherty was under his medical treatment, by merely certifying that the Captain was laboring under a fit of insanity. Would not Mrs. Savage influence her husband to do this? Dr. Deidam would give every cent he had in the world for this service and his lasting gratitude besides.

Yes, it was hard to refuse the earnest pleadings of the unhappy wife, but Mrs. Savage told her that in no particular was Dr. Savage more jealously sensitive than that his wife should not interfere in his professional affairs. She would incur his displeasure by even alluding to the subject, and deeply as it pained her to refuse her friend, she could not promise even to mention the matter to her husband.

Mrs. Deidam burst into a passion of tears, and throwing herself upon her

knees beside Mrs. Savage, with her eager, trembling hands clinging to the latter's skirt, she begged in piteous, impassioned tones that she would help her save her husband. "Dr. Savage can save him, and he must do it; you must make him do it, for my sake," she implored, and then in eloquent words she depicted the sorrows of her home, how unkind her husband had grown to her in consequence of the trouble with O'Flaherty which he attributed to her, and how deeply he had been drinking in consequence, adding that if he was only free from the trouble which her thoughtlessness had brought upon him they could live more happily in future; and then she asked imploringly that Mrs. Savage would do her this slight service. It was not much to ask; for Dr. Savage was so devoted to his wife that he would not refuse her in so small a matter. She urged her by their past friendship, and for their future good. She begged her to recollect how true a friend she had been in her illness, and above all to remember that it was her hands that had robbed the perished baby blossom for its wintry grave. How, then, could she refuse.

Mrs. Savage was crying too, but she only hid her eyes and shook her head in silent, sorrowful denial.

Mrs. Deidam sprang to her feet, and with her black eyes blazing with anger, exclaimed excitedly, "you are no friend of mine, Mrs. Savage, or you would not refuse me. I'll make you sorry for it, too, and you won't feel so independent by and by, when you come to understand how far superior my husband is in rank to yours."

She rushed frantically out of the house, but before an hour had elapsed she returned, accompanied by Mrs. Torkilson and, with all traces of excitement washed from her face, she apologized smoothly for her ungoverned language, attributing her undue violence to her great anxiety for her husband's welfare.

Then Mrs. Torkilson took up the strain, and Mrs. Savage, who doubted her ability to cope successfully with the skilled strategy of that wary woman, placed her handkerchief securely over her mouth, resolved that no imprudent word should betray her into the hands of the Philistines.

Mrs. Torkilson calmly and deliberately stated the case. Dr. Deidam's extremity and his wife's agony were pictured with a masterly hand. Then Capt. O'Flaherty's eccentricity was dwelt upon, and the fact conclusively proven that he was then laboring under a hopeless attack of insanity. Dr. Savage's professional skill was highly complimented, and Mrs. Torkilson expressed a belief that the quiet young physician was himself thoroughly convinced of the hopeless nature of his unruly patient's malady, but was debarred by a high sense of professional honor from making the fact public. It was no secret, though, and Dr. Savage should feel himself absolved from all obligations to his patient, when such important considerations as Dr. Deidam's reputation and domestic happiness were at stake. Dr. Savage should remember that Dr. Deidam was his superior in rank, and consequently had it in his power to either aid or injure him materially, as he might feel inclined. Mrs. Savage should reflect upon the matter and decide whether it would not be better for her husband to coincide in Dr. Deidam's opinion of Capt. O'Flaherty's insanity, and thus insure the good will of his senior instead of risking his animosity by a neutral policy. Now, what did Mrs. Savage think about it. Surely, for the sake of her friend, Mrs. Deidam, she would consent to advise her husband to this course.

Mrs. Savage was afraid to trust herself to reply, but she answered substantially as before, that she could on no account interfere in her husband's professional affairs.

Mrs. Torkilson showed signs of irritation, and sarcastically remarked that Dr. Savage must have private reasons for refusing to testify to Capt. O'Flaherty's well-known insanity.

At this reflection Mrs. Savage lost her temper and her coolness. She retorted that her husband was an honorable physician, and could neither be frightened, bribed nor bought from his duty to a patient. As for Capt. O'Flaherty, no sane person at the post believed he was crazy. Nothing in the world ever ailed him but delirium tremens, and he hadn't been half as bad, either, as Lieut. Donald and Capt. Gaylord usually were.

The visitors here exchanged glances, and politely took their departure. Mrs. Savage congratulating herself on her skill in having gotten rid of them without implicating herself in any way.

But she reckoned without her host. Her husband had gone out hunting, and at dusk as he was returning, tired and dusty, with his gun and game bag on his shoulder and old Belle at his heels, a white hand waved to him from Dr. Deidam's sitting room window. He obeyed the summons, and found assembled Dr. Deidam and Mrs. Deidam, with Capt. and Mrs. Torkilson. Dr. Deidam opened the conversation. He was partially sober, and stated to Dr. Savage that he wished to know his professional opinion of Capt. O'Flaherty's illness.

Dr. Savage replied that he did not feel justified in stating his opinion.

Dr. Deidam burst into a passion of tears, and throwing herself upon her

knees beside Mrs. Savage, with her eager, trembling hands clinging to the latter's skirt, she begged in piteous, impassioned tones that she would help her save her husband. "Dr. Savage can save him, and he must do it; you must make him do it, for my sake," she implored, and then in eloquent words she depicted the sorrows of her home, how unkind her husband had grown to her in consequence of the trouble with O'Flaherty which he attributed to her, and how deeply he had been drinking in consequence, adding that if he was only free from the trouble which her thoughtlessness had brought upon him they could live more happily in future; and then she asked imploringly that Mrs. Savage would do her this slight service. It was not much to ask; for Dr. Savage was so devoted to his wife that he would not refuse her in so small a matter. She urged her by their past friendship, and for their future good. She begged her to recollect how true a friend she had been in her illness, and above all to remember that it was her hands that had robbed the perished baby blossom for its wintry grave. How, then, could she refuse.



Dr. Diedam then said that he intended to prefer charges against Capt. O'Flaherty for drunkenness and would rely upon Dr. Savage's evidence to support his charges.

Dr. Savage declared firmly that he would give no testimony in the case. A physician's confidences were sacred as the confessional, and no court could compel their violation.

But your wife has stated publicly that Capt. O'Flaherty's disease is delirium tremens, and the inference is that she received this information from yourself," said Capt. Torkelson, triumphantly.

"You must be mistaken, sir," said the young doctor, changing color. "I do not think my wife would express an opinion in regard to one of my patients."

"Yes, but she did," cried Mrs. Diedam, exultingly, "didn't she, Mrs. Torkelson?"

"In my presence," said Mrs. Torkelson, stiffly coming forward and turning up her nose at old Belle, who instantly recognized her old enemy and slunk quickly out of doors.

Dr. Savage arose and followed her, fearful lest his temper should gain the ascendancy. To his great surprise his wife corroborated the statement of the ladies; but after hearing her account of the matter he exonerated her from blame. Naturally, though, they both felt somewhat uneasy in regard to the future developments, not knowing what measures might not be set on foot to involve them in the trouble.

An ominous silence of some days prevailed. Then Dr. Savage received the following official communication:

HEADQUARTERS FT. ORYZA, D. T.  
Dr. SAVAGE, U. S. A.  
Sir:—The commanding officer directs that you communicate to this office your professional opinion as to the nature of Capt. Patrick O'Flaherty's illness.

Your Obedient Servant,  
Geo. GAYLORD, Post Adj.

After a brief deliberation he replied as follows:  
Geo. GAYLORD, Post Adj.

Sir:—I have the honor to report that Capt. Patrick O'Flaherty is now suffering from physical weakness and nervous prostration.

Your Obedient Servant,  
F. B. SAVAGE,  
A. P. Surgeon, U. S. A.

That ended the matter, no further efforts being made to ascertain that recalcitrant gentleman's opinions on any subject. His patient was soon restored to health, and engaged actively in preparing for the prosecution of his case against Surgeon Diedam.

The latter gentleman was found guilty on the charge, and sentenced as follows:

To be confined to Military Reservation of the military post at which he may be serving for one year and to forfeit one hundred dollars per month of his monthly pay for the same period.

But even this mild verdict was set aside by the reviewing authorities through some informality in the workings of the court, and Surgeon Diedam was immediately released from arrest and restored to duty.

There was great rejoicing among that gentleman's friends and retainers when the result became known. Mrs. Torkelson thought it was due solely to the efforts put forth by her in Surgeon Diedam's behalf, especially as she had early secured the influence of General Ristenbatt for the defense. But Mrs. Wilberforce claimed a division of the honor, inasmuch as she had deserted the case of O'Flaherty early in the affair, and had written a touching letter to the Judge Advocate of the Department in Surgeon Diedam's behalf, and moreover had exerted her well-known influence over Dr. Taihl, the distinguished head of the Medical Department in the Northwest, to bring about a satisfactory state of feeling in the mind of that autocratic dignitary, and had further taken occasion to enlighten him fully in regard to the obstinacy and insubordination of Dr. Savage in refusing to coincide with the opinion of that learned martyr, Surgeon Diedam, on lunacy.

The successful party followed up their advantage and the tables were once more turned upon the crestfallen Capt. O'Flaherty.

Failing to substantiate their charge of insanity, his enemies arraigned him on a charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman," the specifications being that while at Sioux City en route for the Lunatic Asylum, he had written to a private soldier of his Company at Fort Oryza, asking him to ascertain which of them possessed information that might be made available against Surgeon Diedam in his intended charge, with a view to having them summoned as witnesses. This letter was intercepted at the post headquarters, and proved a serious accusation against him. Another charge was speaking disrespectfully of his commanding officer. He was found guilty, and sentenced as follows:

To be suspended from rank, command and allowance for two years, and to forfeit all his yearly salary excepting fifty-five dollars per month.

He was subsequently pardoned for these offenses, but his implacable foes were again upon his track. He was provoked into an altercation with a brother officer, and challenged the offending party to deadly combat. The challenge was promptly accepted, but the responding party allowed prudential considerations to get the better of his valor, and caused the arrest of the fighting Captain. He was tried for violation of the 49th article of war, in giving a challenge to fight a duel, and was sentenced to reduction of rank and loss of pay. This sentence was afterward re-

mitted, however, and he was restored to duty.

Shortly afterward a diversion was created at the post, by the arrival of a small party of citizen engineers, who were engaged in surveying the line of a railroad through the heart of the wilderness, and having completed the survey to the east bank of the river, had reported at the Fort to ask an escort of troops as a protection against the Indians while they completed their explorations west of the Missouri. Capt. Gaylord was ordered in command of the escort, with Dr. Savage to accompany them as Surgeon. The little detachment marched away one morning at day break for an indefinite absence on a perilous mission, leaving their wives and families at the Fort, a prey to torturing anxiety and consuming fears in their behalf. Once during their long absence a courier returned, bringing letters and assurances of safety from the loved ones, but only once; and there was no returning mail by which the wayfarers could receive tidings from their home.

Soon after their return a board of officers, including Gen. Ristenbatt and Dr. Savage, were sent, by orders from Department Headquarters, up the river to locate the site for a new and important military post, to be built for the protection of the settlers who were expected to swarm into the country on the completion of the Railroad to the river. When this was done Capt. Gaylord's entire company were sent up to take post on the site of the Fort, and Dr. Savage was again ordered to accompany them. They pitched their tents near the river bank, and threw up earthworks and fortifications in the rear as a defense against the attacks of Indians.

Shortly after their departure the Indians raided on the stock at Ft. Oryza and captured the entire herd of "Ree" ponies and stamped the masters herd, then grazing near the Fort. The scene for a few moments was a lively one. No suspicions of the presence of the attacking party was entertained by any one, when, like a flash, a mounted party of wild horsemen swooped down upon the grazing ponies, and surrounded and swept them off, "over the hills and far away," before the astonished Rees had time to spring up from their smoking breakfast on the greensward. A second party surrounded the herd of wily cattle, from which the Quartermaster drew his weekly supply of government beef. These hardy little animals were exceedingly tough and inured to hardships from their earliest existence. The intense cold of the winters, and the drying, evaporizing effect of the summer breezes contributed to their longevity. Many of them lived to a great age, and at their demise their half-dried flesh furnished vigorous employment to idle jaws, and contributed abundant food for speculation, (a la Dr. Savage's mummy.) These belonged to the genuine race of government thoroughbreds. There was an imported breed, however, that pined away before the rigors of the northern climate, and these puny specimens usually had to be killed in order to save their lives before they had passed the heyday of calf-hood.

The herd was not easily stampeded. They were frightened, however, and rushed hither and thither in their blind alarm, but they did not know enough to break into a stampede, so despite the efforts of the attacking party, galloping and running, they returned to their grazing, and a few stragglers of market bulls from the Rees of the Sioux to disperse without them.

Instantly all was commotion at the Fort. The Long Roll sounded the tocsin of alarm; the soldiers swarmed from the barracks, and without waiting for the word of command, sallied forth to meet the foe, each man loading and firing on his own responsibility. Despite the efforts of some of the company commanders the excited and eager men could not be stopped nor rallied to their companies until the enemy was out of sight.

The commanding officer was greatly mortified and incensed by this lack of discipline, and as a means of teaching them a lesson in obedience, the soldiers who had already reached the hill behind the Fort in close pursuit of the flying savages, were marshaled in their respective companies and compelled to stand all day long under arms on the summit of the hill.

Mrs. Gaylord and Mrs. Savage were greatly alarmed by the appearance of the Sioux, it being thought probable that the Indians, in their flight would attack Gaylord's camp; but during the day a courier arrived from their camp with assurances of their safety, they having heard through the scouts, of the raid on the Fort, and knowing that their families would naturally be anxious in regard to their safety.

The ladies meanwhile prepared a hamper of delicacies to send with the scout on his return, as an addition to the mess table of their exiled lords. They had some time previously sent to Sioux City for a box of fresh eggs. There were very few chickens at the post, and even these did not condescend to lay. Eggs therefore were a luxury unattainable, and the firm of Gaylord and Savage, intent on "goodies" for their husbands, ordered a small cargo of twenty

dozen shipped to their address. The eggs were six weeks on the way, but there was great rejoicing when the box arrived that bore the precious freight. The two female partners rushed down to the wharf to claim the box of embryo omelets and custards, but they felt very solemn when they saw the bill. Including everything, the original cost, the cost of packing, the freight, and the insurance, the expense of shipping those twenty dozen eggs up into the Indian country eight hundred miles was just forty dollars. The ladies looked very blank and mentally wondered what the senior partners of their firm would say when they came to see the bill. They hesitated; they consulted; but eggs were eggs then in Dakota, and Mrs. Savage finally paid the bill, and the box was sent up to her quarters. Soon the two ladies were busy in the dining room over the now doubly precious box. The lid was pried off with a hatchet, and there lay the cunning rows of snowy white eggs snugly ensconced in a bed of oats. Not a broken one amongst them! They congratulated each other, and made preparations to transfer part of them to a smaller box, intending to pack them in with layers of salt for transportation to the camp of their husbands. Right busily they worked. But before beginning the labor of re-packing they removed the eggs from the oats and placed them in an empty basket, when they reached the bottom of the first box they came upon a broken shell, insuperable evidence that one of the eggs had been broken, and a peculiar smell arose that reminded Mrs. Savage vividly of her midnight adventure with the Dr.'s mummy. She jerked her head out of the box quickly, and walked to the window feeling very faint.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Gaylord, in surprise.

"Matter! don't you smell something?"

"No. Why, yes, I do, too," said Mrs. Gaylord, sniffing daintily. "What can it be? It isn't possible it's a bad egg?"

"I'm afraid so. Try one and see."

Mrs. Gaylord took up an egg cautiously, applied it to her ear, shook it gently, and laid it down.

"Try another," said Mrs. Savage.

Mrs. Gaylord tried a number. They were apparently sound. No rattle could be discovered inside the shell when shaken, a sure sign of a good egg, she said, yet there was something suspicious about them. They were light as a feather, most of them. The ladies were perplexed, and their work was at a standstill.

"Let's break one," said Mrs. Savage at length.

"True enough. I wonder we didn't think of that before," cried Mrs. Gaylord, and seizing a heavy silver fork from the table, she took up an egg daintily between her thumb and finger, and after studying it for a moment, with the air of a connoisseur, threw back her pretty head, and with half closed eyes began chipping it softly with the handle of the fork.

Instantly there was a report like a pistol. With a loud shriek, Mrs. Gaylord dropped to the floor, her beautiful face bespattered and her eyes and mouth filled with the noisome effluvia of that horrible rotten egg.

Mrs. Savage came in for her share of it also; her mouth at the moment of the explosion chancing to expand into a smile at Mrs. Gaylord's earnestness. They both sprang simultaneously toward the water pitcher. The hasty movement shook up the basket of loose eggs, and they went off like a case of torpedoes, pop, pop, spat, whiz. The air was full of horrible odors, and the half strangled egg fanciers gathered up their babies and fled precipitately from the house. The Corporal of the Guard was summoned and ordered immediately to convey the wreck of those dearly bought eggs beyond the limits of the post. The room was fumigated with vinegar and the doors and windows left open, yet the house was not habitable for two days afterward.

Mrs. Gaylord was sick for a week afterward. On the third day Mrs. Savage returned home, and was greatly surprised soon afterward to receive a visit from Dr. Diedam. He was drunker than usual, and seated himself uninvited upon the lounge, with his hands clasping the top of his cane, and his chin resting on his hands, he glared at her out of his whitey blue eyes, but said not a word. Presently Mrs. Savage mustered courage to ask him what he wanted.

"The commanding officer sent me," he said, "to order you to pack up and move out of here to-morrow. He's going to send the chain gang around to whitewash the quarters. You can stop with Mrs. Gaylord till they get through."

In great surprise Mrs. Savage demanded to know the reason for this arbitrary order.

"Lieut. Redribbons reported to me officially that there had been an unpleasant odor about these apartments for the last two days, and his wife has the hysterics in consequence. I reported it to the General, and he agreed with me that the quarters required the same process that Mrs. Redribbons' reputation stands so greatly in need of—a good white-washing," said the Surgeon with a diabolical chuckle.

Mrs. Savage had a temper of her own and on this occasion it asserted itself.

She promptly ordered the Post Surgeon out of her quarters, and he departed with an alacrity as unusual for him as it was ludicrous, and before her anger cooled she wrote an exceedingly indignant protest to the General against both his message and his emissary, and received in return a severe reproof for disrespect to the commanding officer.

Afterward there came explanations and apologies; yet notwithstanding the General's kind assurances that she should not again be molested in her quarters, she set out late the same night in defiance of his orders, to join her husband in the field, convinced that the Indians could not prove more barbarous as neighbors, than the clan of the Redribbons.

(Continued next week.)

# PROPOSALS FOR HAY.

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE.  
ST. PAUL, MINN., April 4, 1875.  
SEALED PROPOSALS, IN DUPLICATE, SUBJECT to the usual conditions, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock M., May 14, 1875, for furnishing Hay for the Subsistence Department, U. S. Army, as follows:

At Fort Buford, D. T., 300 tons; Fort Stevenson, D. T., 150 tons; Fort Rice, D. T., 140 tons; Grand River, D. T., 25 tons; Fort Sully, D. T., 250 tons; Lower Brule Agency, D. T., 75 tons; Fort Wadsworth, D. T., 140 tons.

To be good prairie hay, free from weeds, cut this year, properly cured, delivered, and securely stacked at the posts before September 15, 1875. Separate proposals must be made for each post. Each proposal must be accompanied by a bond (in the sum of \$200), duly signed by two responsible persons, that if the proposal be accepted, a contract in the usual form, with two good and sufficient sureties, will be executed within ten days after notification of the award of the contract.

The right is reserved to the Government to reject any and all bids; also, to increase or reduce the quantities to be delivered at any or all the posts named, by giving notice to that effect at any time prior to July 31, 1875.

Proposals should be endorsed, "Proposals for Hay at \_\_\_\_\_," and addressed to the undersigned.  
B. DUBARRY, Major and C. S.

# Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of a Chattel Mortgage executed by E. A. Williams to Asa Fisher dated the 13th day of November, A. D., 1874, and filed in the office of Register of Deeds for the County of Burleigh, in the Territory of Dakota, on the 13th day of November, A. D., 1874, at nine o'clock a. m., of said day, which said Chattel Mortgage was duly assigned to Chris' Hehl on the 20th day of January, A. D., 1875, and upon which said Chattel Mortgage default has been made. I shall sell the property therein described, namely:

The frame building and appurtenances now occupied by Messrs. Eckford & Ryan as a tailor shop situate on Main street in Bismarck, also the frame building situate on said Main street in said Bismarck, and at this time occupied by Chris' Hehl as a barber shop, also the frame building situate on Third street in said Bismarck, and now occupied by me as a law office, also a lot of land situate in said law office, consisting of about twenty-five acres, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder therefor, for cash, at the front door of the Tailor Shop of P. M. Eckford, situate on Main street in the City of Bismarck and said County, on Tuesday, the 27th day of April, 1875, at 10 o'clock a. m.

CHRIS' HEHL,  
Assignee of Mortgagees.  
John A. Stoyell,  
Att'y for Assignee of Mortgagee.

# PROPOSALS FOR FRESH BEEF.

OFFICE CHIEF C. S., DEPT. OF DAKOTA.  
ST. PAUL, MINN., March 20, 1875.  
SEALED PROPOSALS, IN DUPLICATE, WILL be received at this office, until 12 o'clock M., April 10, 1875, for furnishing the Fresh Beef required by the Subsistence Department, U. S. Army, at the following military posts: Fort Randall, D. T., Fort Abraham Lincoln, D. T., Fort Totten, D. T., Fort Pembina, D. T., Fort Seward, D. T., Fort Abercrombie, D. T., Fort Ripley, Minn., Fort Snelling, Minn., during the two months commencing July 1, 1875. Information as to conditions, quality of beef, payments, &c., can be obtained by application to this office, or to the A. C. S., at the respective posts. Each proposal must be accompanied by a bond (in the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for Fort Totten, Pembina, Seward, Abercrombie, Ripley, and Snelling, and five hundred dollars for Fort Randall and A. Lincoln), signed by two responsible persons, that if the proposal be accepted a contract in the usual form, with two good and sufficient sureties, will be executed within ten days after such acceptance. The responsibility of the parties on the bond must be certified to by the judge or clerk of a court of records, a U. S. Commissioner, postmaster, or officer of the Army.

Proposals must be made separately for the different posts, and bidders are invited to be present at the opening of the bids. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Proposals should be endorsed, "Proposals for Fresh Beef at Fort \_\_\_\_\_," and addressed to the undersigned.  
B. DUBARRY, Major and C. S.  
[April 14, 1875]

# TO THE PUBLIC!

As coming events cast their shadows on the wall, we are admonished to put our house in order, and thus be prepared for marching orders.

We have this day sold and delivered to Mr. Wright all our interest and good will in the City Meat Market at Bismarck.

We now ask as a special favor of those whom we have served, and have tried to do so, to call at once and settle, and receive our thanks for promptness and patronage.

We most respectfully recommend Mr. Wright to the public, who will take great pleasure in serving them, for a consideration.

N. P. CLARK, per A. G.  
April 5th, 1875. Y2039-3m.

# NOTICE.

I have this, 6th day of April, 1875, taken possession of the

# CITY MEAT MARKET.

I, therefore, solicit a share of the patronage.

I would most respectfully inform the citizens that my means are limited; my knowledge of book-keeping poor, as well as memory; I am, therefore, compelled to do strictly a CASH business.

Call and see me.

# JOHN WRIGHT.

Y2029-4t.

# U. S. LAND OFFICE.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY,  
March 2d, 1875.

By instructions from the General Land Office, notice is hereby given that a re-hearing has been ordered in the cases of the various contestants for the South 1/4 of the North 1/4 and lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 of Section 4, township 138, north of range 90 West of the 5th principal Meridian; said re-hearing to commence at this office on Saturday, the 15th day of May next, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Samuel H. Little ex. Louisa Clay and J. W. Proctor, Joseph Penwell ex. Edmund Hackett and Michael Tippet; and Wm. S. Young ex. John S. Warn and Elizabeth Gibbs, are parties of record in the above order for a re-hearing. The following parties also appear upon the records of this office as claimants to the above named tract of land or to legal subdivisions thereof: George A. Joy, E. A. Williams, John Bowen (Judge of Probate), under a court order of March 2d 1875, and Alex. McKenzie and John S. Mann. It is further directed that the Railroad claims also involved are to be considered.

All the above named parties, and all others interested, will take due notice of the time and place of said hearing, and govern themselves accordingly.

PETER MANTON, Register.  
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

# BRAMBLE HOUSE,

Moorhead, Minn.

First Class in every particular. Free

Bus to Depot and Boats.

Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.

Headquarters for Stages.

C. P. SLOGGY, Prop'r.

# CAPITOL HOTEL,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure the comfort.

R. R. MARSH & CO.,

Proprietors.

# M. M. FULLER.

Commission Merchant,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will add to their interest in communicating with this house before purchasing elsewhere.

Y2021-1

# OSTLAND'S

Livery & Feed

STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m.

# B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 115

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.

# STEARNS & LOUIS,

PRACTICAL

House and Sign Painters,

Main St., bet. 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T.

89-71

# JOHN P. FORSTER.

Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,

AND

ICE CREAM SALOON

Confectionery, Pastry and Cake Baker. Meals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-471

ROBERT CRAIG. JNO. V. LARKIN.

# CRAIG & LARKIN.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,

Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 56 East Third Street. Old No. 187, St. Paul Minn. 1-471

# J. C. Oswald,

Wholesale Dealer

BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,

Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,

No. 8 Fence Opera House,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

# H. M. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

MORTON'S HALL,

5w13 BISMARCK, D. T.

THOMAS VAN ETEN,

Attorney and Counselor

AT LAW, 220 N. 1/2

BISMARCK, DAKOTA

1-50

JOHN A. STOYELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Bismarck, D. T.

1-42y1

# Fred. Strauss,

WATCHES, SPECTACLES,

and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

Y2041

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.

STEW. HARRINGTON, Prop'r.



